

EAGLE WINGS.

Rev. Will M. Burgess Delivers the
Baccalaureate Sermon in
His Happest Style

A Large Congregation of People
Give Rapt Attention to the
Eloquent Preacher.

THE SERMON IN FULL.

Rev. Mr. Burgess said to the women were given
two wings of a great eagle.

There—How can women elevate themselves?

The text is taken from the description
of what John saw concerning the church.

The woman with the sun upon her head
and the moon beneath her feet, suggests
the brightness of the new dispensation
as compared with the lack of light in the
old. The "woman" here represents the
church, but we do not so use the word
on this occasion for we mean to speak
of woman and her possibilities of today.

Woman has not in the past history of the
world, occupied the high place for which
she was intended, simply because she
has been kept from doing so by the
Lords of Creation. Her mind has not been
allowed to develop, hence she has
not been called to perform the great
duties devolving upon her, and she has
been called "inferior" and "weak"—when
it has been merely the lack of exercise
of her powers which has "atrophied" them.

Some few women, here and there,
by their inherent talent have overcame
all obstacles thrown in their way by
circumstance and environment and by
what they have accomplished, we can
see what may be done by the rest.

We are no longer elevated by any other
lever than that of wisdom. The day of
the aristocracy of wealth has gone by,
and that of culture has taken its place.

In the professions—the knowledge of
specialties makes greatness. One mind
may be as strong, as well fitted by nature
to grapple with the problems that life
brings forth, but it is not as well equipped
by training and study, it cannot accom-

plish the same work, because it is not
developed. The same may be said of
talent, and, indeed, of all varieties of
talent, for if we are not able to do
well, no matter what that work is, we
shall certainly fail, step by step, 'till
we occupy the high places which are
waiting for the better equipped.

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IT'S AUGUST 4.

The Day for Holding the Democratic
Primary in the Fourth Con-
gressional District.

The County Committee of the
Fourth Congressional District met at
Elizabethton last Wednesday afternoon
for the purpose of adopting a means of
nominating a candidate for Congress.

After a short and pleasant session a pri-
mary election was decided upon and
August 4 set for the date. The following
resolutions were adopted.

Itemized 1. That on Saturday, August
4, 1894, a Primary election be held in
this, the Fourth Congressional District
of Kentucky, consisting of the counties
of Breckinridge, Bullitt, Grayson, Green,
Harrison, Hart, LaRue, Marion, Meade,
Nelson, Ohio, Taylor and Washington
for the purpose of nominating a Demo-
cratic candidate for Representative in
Congress to be voted at the ensuing
November election and that on the day
the polls be opened at the usual places
in the local precincts in the district
and kept open from 7 a. m. until 4 p. m.

Itemized 2. That all Democrats who voted
for Grover Cleveland at the last Presi-
dential election, and all known Democrats
for sufficient reason (admission, absence
from precinct, or want of necessary legal
qualifications) failed to vote in the
primary, provided they possess the neces-
sary legal qualifications on the date
thereof and it made the duty of the
election officers to examine under his
own application to vote whether or not
under this resolution they may doubt.

Itemized 3. Any person desired to submit
his name to the voters in the following
order: At 2 p. m. on Thursday, July 10, 1894,
appear in person or by attorney before
the Circuit Court of this County and file
with the Circuit Clerk's office in Elizabeth-
ton and notify him of the fact that he
is a candidate and deposit with him
such a sum of money as will result from
dividing \$10,000 by the number of candi-
dates who then declare, the same to be
used in defraying the expenses of this
primary. The excess if any shall be re-
turned pro rata to the candidates
who contributed and if any deficit
exists it shall be made up in the same
manner. It is hereby made the duty
of said Chairman to see that the same
is in person or by representative as provided
above.

Itemized 4. The Chairman of the several
counties in this district are hereby authorized
to appoint the officers of election for their
respective counties from lists as provided
by law and to notify in writing delivered
in person or by messenger, said officers
of their appointment and to distribute
the notices, ballot books, cards, etc., re-
lated for the legal conduct of this pri-
mary.

Itemized 5. It shall be the duty of the sheriffs
of each of the several counties in this
district to deliver the returns of their
respective precincts to the Chairman of
the County Court Clerk's office of this
County at or before 2 p. m. Wednesday,
August 5.

Itemized 6. It shall be the duty of the members
of the County Court of this County and
of their counties to the Chairman of this
Committee at the Circuit Court Clerk's
office in Elizabethton, Wednesday,
August 15, at or before 1 p. m.

Itemized 7. The Secretary of this Committee
is hereby authorized to let to the highest
bidder the contract for printing the bal-
lot, notices, instruction cards, etc.,
necessary for the legal conduct of this
election, and delivering same to the sev-
eral County Chairmen.

Itemized 8. That this Committee shall meet
at the Circuit Court Clerk's office in Eliza-
bington, Wednesday, August 15, at
1 p. m. for the purpose of canvassing
the returns and declaring the nominee.

Itemized 9. If on the day the nominee
shall appear and comply with the
conditions imposed by this Com-
mittee, he shall be the nominee and
shall be notified by law, and he shall
declare the candidate who has complied
with the conditions imposed by this
Committee in said town shall be
operative for this Primary.

Itemized 10. That the officers of election for
this Primary shall be paid one dollar
for their services.

Itemized 11. That a copy of these resolutions
be furnished to every county party in
this district and they be requested to pub-
lish same in full.

Resolved—F. M. Strauss, Chairman pro
tem.

District Chairman—D. W. Rider, proxy for
W. H. Gardner.

Washington—J. T. Craycraft, proxy for
W. H. Sweeney.

Taylor—S. G. McElroy, proxy for W.
S. Shively.

Ohio—B. D. Ringo, proxy for G. B.
Lilburne at Holt Moorhead.

Nelson—F. M. Joplin, proxy for Wood-
ford Hall.

Meade—F. J. McNeill, Secretary.

Marion—S. G. McElroy.

Laurel—G. K. Kippen, Secretary.

Hart—D. A. McCandless.

Harrison—Josiah Phillips.

Green—D. W. Allen.

Grayson—W. R. Hill.

Breckinridge—W. H. Marriot, proxy
for D. R. Murray.

Water as a Vehicle of Typhoid.

In a recent article from the Herald's
European edition, which was reprinted,
some striking proof was given that
"water is the chief if not the only vehicle
of the typhoid germ." About this there
has been little dispute. It is well known
that typhoid-infected matter may be
sometimes dried, blown about in dust
and carried to the most remote places.
But no instance of the propagation of the
disease in this way is known. Scarcely
epidemics of enteric fever have, how-
ever, been clearly and unmistakably
traced to the water supply.

In a given locality, it is well known
that the water supply is not pure.

For this reason too much caution can-
not be exercised upon the authorities of
every town and city to see that the
water supply is kept pure and that the
drinking water is not contaminated.

It is well known that the water supply
is not pure and that the drinking water
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IVORY SOAP.

99% 100%
PURE

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Jen. D. & G. B. Babbage, Editors and Proprietors.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1894.

THE SKUNK.

One of the Most Valuable Fur-Bearing Animals and How He Is Trapped.

How a Man From the Wooden Nutmeg State Sold the Hide of a Cow.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

"Do you know what is one of the most important fur animals that we have?" said a Fifth avenue fur dealer. "Well, it is the common, malodorous skunk, but you never hear of skunk fur in a retail store. We sell it as black marten, and it enters largely into the trimmings of coats, mufflers and such articles. It is really a fine, soft, long fur and rather costly. There could really be no prejudice against skunk fur as such, as it is thoroughly decorated and perfectly clean and healthful to wear. Skunk is a disagreeable word, simply because the animal is capable of making an extremely disagreeable odor. But if a skunk is not molested he will not use his powerful and unique means of defense.

"It is a fact that some trappers have successfully started skunk stock farms. The wholly black animal is one of the most valuable, as a pure black skin of good size will bring \$1.50, while striped with white sell as low as 25c. Of course, the fur can be dyed, and is dyed, but the trappers have generally lost this difference in price on the striped skins. Later, however, some of the country boys have taken to flogging the fur buyers by dyeing the fur themselves, with muscadine dye, or some other concoction.

"Great is the wrath of the dealers when they detect such tricks. There is a story in Connecticut that one trapper passed off a lot of imitation skunk skins on a buyer who was too tipsy to see the deception until it was too late to trace it. The trapper had the skin of a jet-black Holstein cow that had grown a fine, long fur by the animal's previous exposure to the blasts of winter. This cowhide he carefully cut up into strips of skunk skin, tails and all counting them out rapidly to the dealer, along with the genuine skins, he made them pass the haphazard inspection of the buyer and got about \$20 for the cow's hide, all the while the animal was worth. The skins were later sold and sent to New York. After that particular dealer never bought skunk skins when he was in town.

"One of the ways of trapping the skunk is to trap up a heavy flat stone by a series of sticks bent and joined together so as to represent a figure 4. On the horizontal bar of the figure a piece of meat—generally skunk's flesh—is placed and a slight disturbance of this bait springs the trap and the heavy stone falls on the animal. When the skunk is caught in common steel traps it is shot by a bullet through the head, a performance that requires caution and good marksmanship.

"At a recent large sale of furs in London the kind that exceeded all others in aggregate value was the ordinary muskrat. The wily dealers of breaks and ponds are trapped in great numbers in this country. They are be easily traced by their paths leading to the water's edge, but the trap must be placed under water, in the mud, as they are too wise to get into any trap set on shore. Though muskrat skins sell as low as 10c apiece, the value of the fur caught every year amounts to millions of dollars. The red and silver foxes, however, furnish the most sport for the furhunter. The skins bring from \$1.50 to \$3, and a successful day's sport has both its pecuniary profit and fund of enjoyment. Many hunters carefully protect the female foxes and their young, so far as possible, so as to insure plenty of sport and fur in the fall and winter."—New York Tribune.

McDANIELS.

Justi McDaniels is quite sick. V. B. Burton was here last week. Mrs. Forrest Galloway, of Cave Spring, was here Friday.

Mrs. M. J. Harrell is visiting her son, Mr. J. T. Moore.

Mrs. Mary Wilson is visiting her brothers at Leitchfield.

Harry Meredith, of Leitchfield, was here Thursday.

Miss Della Hunter paid a flying visit to West View last week.

Willie Green, Falls of Rough, was here Thursday and Friday.

Quinn Henshaw is lying at the point of death with typhoid fever.

Rev. R. A. Cundiff is at Vine Grove attending District Conference.

Moore, Miles and Rock, twin grocery drummers, were here Tuesday.

Mr. Joseph Parsons, of Leitchfield, via his father's farm last week.

Miss Sallie Bennett, of Arzel, was visiting Miss Minnie Rhodes last week.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Best Baking Award.

Bob Mercer reports having had quite a nice time at Harlanburg last Monday night.

Tom Moore was out from Harlanburg Sunday to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Moore.

Miss Lizie Bralley has returned to her home at Black Rock. Come again Miss Lizie.

Mrs. Milton Coke, who has been on the sick list for the past week, is now improving.

The ladies of the M. E. church are busy cutting rugs for a new carpet for the parsonage.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of our little friend, Miss Maggie Wheatley, at Harlanburg.

We regret to say that Mrs. B. A. Cundiff has been quite unwell since her return from Smithland.

From the flaming posters that meet our eyes one would think that John Robinson's show was right at our door.

Rev. Emmet Gamewell and wife are staying "Baby mine" to a little church, which Emmet Emmett promptly calls "Papa's little man."

Miss Alma Hicks has returned from Caneyville and is the guest of her mother at Mrs. Milton Coke's. Glad to see you, Miss Alma.

Mr. Lefe Cannon and sister, Miss Clara, of Long Lick, accompanied by Misses Julia and Lela Rhodes, spent Sunday afternoon at Mr. Will McDaniel's.

Miss Alice Dockery is the best acquaintance in town. It does one good to see the healthful exercise bring the roses to her cheek and the sparkle to her pretty dark eyes.

News has reached us of the illness of Mr. Moore McDaniel, of Chattanooga, Tenn. Moore is one of our boys and we are sorry to hear of his sufferings. May he speedily recover.

Last Thursday Dr. McNeill was called in haste to the bedside of Mr. Dick Pamphrey, who had met with the serious misfortune of having his leg broken. We have not learned the particulars.

Miss Lela Cundiff, who has been visiting her sister in Butler county for some months has returned home to the delight of her many friends. We hope to have one of her spicy letters in the News next week.

The appeal from Yellow Lake seemed to have the desired effect for on last Saturday evening Roseland was the scene of gay festivity. In the parlor the sweet songs of Misses Margaret Rhodes and Nettie Frazer charmed the attentive listener while, in the dancing hall light feet kept time to merry music of violin and guitar. All return thanks to the kind host, Mr. J. L. Rhodes, and his charming wife and daughter for the delightful evening.

The Ladder Broke. Mr. Galen Barber, while painting on Mrs. Sallie Miller's house, one day last week, had a step ladder to break from under him and precipitate him to the floor. He fell on his left shoulder and injured it to such an extent that he is not yet able to use it and is compelled to carry it in a sling.

Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer. INSOMNIA, CONSTIPATION AND RHEUMATISM.

—CURED WITH THE—
ELECTROPOISE!

I am delighted with the ElectroPoise. It has cured me of rheumatism, insomnia and constipation. Have also found it effective in many other cases. Nothing would tempt me to part with the little instrument. Sometimes call it "tired nature's sweet restorer." Often when tired after some unusual exertion I use it for an hour, and feel afterward as though I had taken a tonic. Yours truly,
Mrs. FRANK LOCKETT,
Henderson, Ky.

ST. VITUS' DANCE.

The ElectroPoise makes the patient dance for joy, that annoying and serious disease has been cured.

My little girl had an attack of St. Vitus' Dance last year, and by careful attention and medical treatment was relieved, still her health was not good, and the attack returned this spring. We gave her the ElectroPoise a trial, and it gave her great benefit, curing her quickly, and her health is better than usual. We are very much pleased with its effects. Mr. A. R. Jones and his wife have received great benefit from the use of the ElectroPoise.

Yours truly, C. H. MURPHY,
Madisonville, Ky.

A GREAT FUTURE.

From what I have seen of the ElectroPoise. I think it a good thing, and am sure it has a great future.

J. D. REEVES,
Owensboro, Ky.

For particulars address
DuBois & Webb,
508 Fourth Ave. Louisville, Ky.

SIROCCO.

John Atwill has moved to his new residence.

Mr. Thos. Phillips is in from Kansas for a short stay.

Mr. George Lydian, of Webster, was in our midst last week.

Mrs. Thos. Barryman is very sick at this writing.

Mrs. Fannie Miller, after a two week's visit in the old Hoosier state, has returned home.

Mrs. Charlie Brown got a fall the first of last week, and I fear, was badly hurt, but have not been able to learn the particulars.

It's astonishing how some people try to climb up and make their mark in the world by grabbing hold and clinging to a long tail. Ha, ha, ha.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were earth of perch next made;
Were every drop of blood a quill,
Rich men—scribes by trade;

"We take the tribe of half the race,
Would drink the ocean dry;
Gilders, lawyers, look sharp, take care,
The bird—eat every a day."

Mrs. Martha Haynes is quite feeble again. Dr. Wells, of Brandenburg, is her attending physician.

Length of life brings with it many afflictions that we were not to dispel, but nature has her plan mapped out and we go the way of all the earth, according to the constitution that we have inherited. Some times a little extra care in tempering our often delicate frames to inclement weather, will lengthen our stay for a season, but we at last succumb to the inevitable.

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Tom Thornberry has whitewashed his U. S. Mail wagon and erected a top to it, but the top sticks up so high above the wheel that it is a hard matter for him to keep the sun out. He has streamers flopping in the breeze a now, in fact, his peculiar looking turnout seems to be a regular advertising institution. If he only had a stage horse and false face for himself and such of his horses, he would take the cake for originality. Attract much attention? Well you "saifer."

Our merchant's better half has just returned from the Little Bend, where she and Mrs. Ed Atwill spent a week visiting friends. Darry was left sole occupant again and looked as forlorn as a sick lamb on a bleak hillside all the week. His mouth stood open like cellar doors in town and he would ever now and then lift up his ears to catch the silvery accents of John's voice, but she was not. His tongue refused to wag, he didn't seem to know whence people came or whether they went. His anxiety for her return was stronger than the kick of a young cow, and as selfish as a young boy in his first pair of pantaloons.

As the song bird hankers for the light of day, so longed he for his housekeeper. As we turned our horse's head toward we heard a ten cent hit the floor with a crash, and the desultory accents of his own voice blatted out: "Food that I eat! If I ever let her leave her again you can blast my socks."

Noah had a fine garden and everything in it was as fresh as a pea with dew drops clinging to it, on Friday morning the 18th inst., when Noah's peep stood in the mud and still fairly pride viewed the wonderful results of his first begotten's manly efforts, after he had shuffled

off the intolerance of his honeymoon, and prepared himself for the heat and burden of the long sunny days. The peas, the beans, the potatoes, the early corn—everything was exquisitely beautiful. Not a single dwarf plant of any description protruded sufficiently to mar the old man's enthusiastic vision. His cup of exultation being filled to the brim he hobbled off down the hill to the old homestead and took a rest. Sunday morning he was up with the birds and concluded to climb the mount and feast his eager eyes again. But when he stood where it was his delight to muse, but a day ago, a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. The cut worms had been there, they had swept every plant from the garden, except one pea, and one bean, and while the gloomy expression of the old man's eyes was casting a long, lingering, melancholy look at the devastated aspect before him, a big fat, cut worm, with the cheek of Lucifer crawled up and cut them down right under his very nose. The old gentleman was paralyzed. But the strangest part of the story is yet to be told. When the old man protested himself on the earth, he gravely into a hill where the plant was not, when lo! and behold he placed up seventeen cut worms.

Robert, the 14 or 15 year old and youngest son of Jack and Narcissus Williams, who reside near Salem church, this county, left home the 18th inst., with a determination of seeking his fortune along the borders of Tennessee. He having learned through his "geography" that "coffee grows on white oak trees and the river flows with honey" in that part of the world. He had for several days dug sawgrass bushes and found nothing at their roots but "cut worms," so he concluded to "retrace his absence" leave his "childhood's happy home down on the farm" and trust his fortune to the chances of a venturesome mind. No one at home had an inkling of what was working in the young man's mind. His going was as calm and serene as the onward flow of a rippling stream, just moved off and that was all. His parents thought he was visiting at the home of a neighbor, until he failed to put in his appearance at home the following day, when they began to feel uneasy. Search was instituted, but to no avail, secured as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up. After several days' dazed, news reached them that some body had met him some where between a Weldon and Louisville, peddling his way to the metropolitan city, where it is supposed he expected to "see the sights" and then steer his course in the direction of Tennessee, where it seems he had at some time told some of the neighborhood boys he was going. Nothing else has been heard from him at this writing. It's a bad time for a young man to start out "look-back" with "no one to guide him" and no money in his pocket. "The trying old world" any way, one gets lonesome hills and run, and not a bit will it mind his misadventures. In my "minds eye" methinks I can see poor Robert crying in and refrain with Little Emily:

"Oh! little Emily, I am so lonesome,
Where the land of despair is,
And the clouds are dark and dreary,
'Till the clouds bright had red,
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